



HOLINESS TO THE LORD

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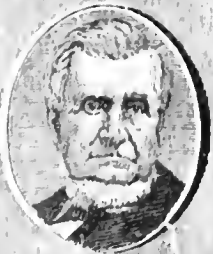
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SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

ORGAN FOR YOUNG LATTER-DAY SAINTS

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VIEWS FROM THE HOLY LAND.

Jaffa.

AN excellent view, taken from the seaside, is here presented of the largest and most important of the cities on the coast of Pales-

tine. It was known in the Old Testament as Japho, which means either "the beautiful," or, as others hold, "the hills." Later the name is given as Joppa, while the modern Arabs call it Jafe.

It is, like all of the cities of the Holy Land,



built on a hill and presents a most picturesque aspect as viewed from the west side, where the lowest situated houses are constantly bathed in the surging waves of the Mediterranean, while the buildings on the lofty summit command a magnificent view over surrounding land and sea. It is a picture of perfect loveliness, this ancient oriental city, particularly when the evening sun spreads his mantle of purple and gold over the peaceful landscape, previous to kissing it a sweet good night and retreating behind the curtains of the vast deep.

Tradition points to the site where this city stands as the scene of a thrilling drama in the ancient mythology. Andromeda, the daughter of the Ethiopian king Cepheus and Cassiopea, was celebrated for her beauty, wherefore the Nereids induced Neptune to punish the fond parents by sending a deluge over this country, followed by the exploits of a terrible sea monster. In this extremity the king and queen consulted the oracle of Ammon who predicted deliverance on the condition that Andromeda be sacrificed. This was reluctantly done.

The princess was chained to a rock, to be devoured by the monster. In this condition, however, she was found by Perseus, when this gallant hero returned from his successful expedition against Medusa. He slew the monster and liberated Andromeda, whose hand he subsequently obtained in marriage.

The beautiful Andromeda was afterwards according to the myth, translated and given a place among the stars in the firmament. Imagination can easily conjure up the picture of the mythical princess chained to one of the ugly rocks in the harbor of Jaffa, awaiting the terrible fate intended for her between the jaws of the sea monster.

Jaffa is mentioned as the place where the prophet Jonah found a ship bound for Tarsish (Gibraltar?) in which he went on board, intending to refuse to fill his mission to Nineveh, a fact indicating that the city already at this early age—more than eight

hundred years before Christ—was an important shipping place.

Christianity had early followers in this city, among the Jews, who had a prosperous colony here. Among the believers was one Tabitha, a noble lady, "full of good works and alms-deeds." This lady was taken sick and died. The Saints, on learning that Peter was on a visit to friends in a neighboring place called Lydda, sent for him and he, by the power of the holy priesthood, raised her up. This great manifestation, the sacred historian says, "was known throughout all Joppa, and many believed in the Lord." The apostle now remained with the saints for many days.

This city is further noticed as the place in which the Lord gave the first direct revelation concerning the acceptance of the Gentiles into the covenant. This important doctrine had been foreshadowed repeatedly in prophecies delivered by ancient seers, but the light on the subject had been dim. Even the first apostles did not understand the fact that the new dispensation of the gospel of Christ embraced every creature directly, without the medium of Judaism as embodied in the ceremonial law. Hence the necessity of a new revelation to settle this question. It was given to Peter while he remained in Joppa, the guest of Simon the tanner.

An account of this revelation is given in Acts, chap. 10. There was in Cesarea a Roman captain, Cornelius, who prayed to the Almighty for salvation. An angel appeared in answer to his earnest prayers and told him to send for Peter. Cornelius did so. Just before the messengers came to Joppa, Peter repaired to the roof of the house, where the mild breeze of the sea could be fully enjoyed. It was in the middle of the day and the regular hour for prayer. While he was engaged in devotional exercises, he saw the heaven open and a sheet descending in which all kinds of animals, clean and unclean, were confined. He also heard a voice, saying: "Rise Peter, kill and eat." This was repeated three times. Peter objected, however,

on the ground that he had never eaten anything which by the law of Moses was pronounced unclean. But the heavenly voice explained that, "What God has cleansed, that call not thou unclean," and the vision was ended.

As Peter now wondered at the meaning of this remarkable vision, the messengers of Cornelius arrived and stated their errand. Peter went with them and preached the principles of the gospel to Cornelius and his household, who accepted it and received the gift of the Holy Ghost. The meaning of the vision now became plain to the apostle, and he exclaimed: "Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons, but in every nation he that feareth Him and worketh righteousness, is accepted with Him."

From this hour the door of a new dispensation was thrown wide open. God had Himself, declared the barriers of the ceremonial law broken down. The principle of religious liberty had been taught to the infant Christian church, a principle to which the true church has always adhered.

As Jaffa was the place where the first revelation, directing the apostles to accept Gentiles into the church, was given, so it was the place in which the first fruit of the Arabian people was gathered into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. The baptism took place on the 22nd of September, 1889. It was a beautiful Sunday. The Elders from Utah and a few native friends gathered in the unpretentious inn, or "khan," and held a meeting, at which the Spirit of the Lord was poured out upon them. Elder Edgar Simmons, who later died in Asia Minor, and Elder C. U. Locander spoke on the first principles of the gospel. After the meeting we all repaired to the sea coast, below the Egyptian colony, on the north side of the city and administered the holy ordinance of baptism to two bright young men, Salim Inzil and Pharez Randure. We then again gathered in the humble "khan" where the two brethren were confirmed, and we all partook of the Lord's Supper. It was a time of

great rejoicing never to be forgotten. I find the following note in my diary:

"It ought to be considered no bad omen, that we, on this occasion, are exactly six souls present, a number equal to that which made up the original incorporation of the Church on the other side of the globe."

The Lord recognized the efforts put forth by His servants among these people. In several cases sick were healed through faith and prayer. A notable instance was the case of a little child, belonging to one of the more prominent families of Jaffa, members of the Greek church. The child was so apparently healed by the power of God that the circumstance was acknowledged by all who knew of it.

The first lady of Arab descent, Mrs. Louise Khayyat, was also baptized in Jaffa, on the 11th of October. The ceremony was performed in her own house in the presence of her servant girl, who, notwithstanding her Mohammedan faith, assisted her mistress cheerfully.

Jaffa at present is a prosperous city with about twenty thousand inhabitants, a *mixtum compositum* both as regards race, faith and color. The Mohammedans are not far from two-thirds of the entire population. Greek and Roman Catholics, Jews, English Episcopalians and a few others are represented. But they all live together in tolerably good harmony without molesting one another a great deal.

The beautiful appearance of the city from the sea side gives no correct idea of the real appearance of its interior. Most of the streets are narrow, turning in every direction, as if they were the work of accident instead of design. In the dry season they are dusty and in the rainy season, muddy.

But, notwithstanding this, Jaffa is a lively place. It is the principal place of import and export in the southern part of the Holy Land, and its development is rapid. A railroad now connects it with Jerusalem and has added to its importance as a seaport of that ancient city. Soap, sesame, olive oil, corn,

and, above all, oranges are the principal articles of export.

The surroundings of Jaffa are beautiful and the climate is considered excellent.

J. M. Sjodahl.

THE YOUNG AUTHOR'S MISTAKE.

AN amateur poet a piece did write,

But he thought he had cloven a deeper vein,
Than the world had wisdom to sense aright,
So he copied his thoughts in simpler strain.

A friend of his, well versed in lore

Dropped in with our hero an hour to stay,
So he brought his writing from out the drawer
To see what the critic of it would say.

He read the paper, and scanned it well,

But its lack of euphony pained his ear;
He thought, "My friend, O how bad you spell!
And your style of diction is crude and queer."

So, after the stuff he had plodded through,

With a feeling his features could scarce beguile
He said, "Young man, this will never do:
The world lays claim to a better style."

"What! a better style," the young man said;

"Why, I thought my effort was most complete.
Of one thing only I was afraid—

That the world could not stomach so rich a treat."

"Well, now, allow me," his friend replied,

"A little wholesome advice to lend,
Don't let your young heart's foolish pride
Such bosh to the keen-eyed public send.

"The world, you know, is no one's fool,

And mind is vast as the heavens are wide
So you'll find it wisdom to mind the rule,
That prudence is better than empty pride."

The youth was chagrined, as well he might,

At the caustic words that his friend had said,
And, viewing himself in a lesser light,
Back into the drawer the thing he laid.

He thought that his friend had judged him wrong

And slighted the worth of the thoughts he penned,
But, as years that ripened him wore along,
He thought of the words of his honest friend.

He saw to his sorrow, and felt at last

That he could not startle the world a bit;
For his poems one by one, were cast
In the basket sought when the fires are lit.

So all young writers, please take the hint,

And study well ere you venture much,
For it's often a mercy not to print

The stuff that limps on a paper crutch.

J. C.

THE PARIS SECRET SERVICE AND ITS COOL-BLOODED METHODS.

"A GOOD police is the corner-stone of a civilization." This is the motto adopted by the Chief of the Paris Secret Service, M. Gustave Mace, for the guidance of his justly celebrated body of men. Heart and soul have been put into the work. The results, as shown by M. Mace's series of official reports, have been wonderful. "We have now," writes that gentleman, "not only rascality to deal with, but the powerful agents of steam and electricity, which furnish comfort and aid to the escaping criminal."

PRELIMINARIES AND TERMINATION.

One of the many innovations introduced by the Paris Secret Service is the French system of measuring criminals. This has been partially adopted in this country and England with much success. M. Bertillon, a clever aid of Mace, is the inventor. It is known in France by the somewhat scientific title of Anthropometry. The implements used are two small measures. One is shaped something like the instrument used by a shoemaker in taking the dimensions of the feet of a customer. It is a plain carpenter's rule with a sliding scale attached at right angles. This is properly called a sliding compass. The other is a circular arrangement, also with a movable scale. This is the thick compass. As soon as a prisoner is arrested and brought to the station-house he is immediately measured and the figures placed opposite his name, occupation and address, etc., in the blotter. At the same time he is made to open his eyes so that the color can be taken. His body is examined, and any birth-marks, tattooed emblems or physical deformity carefully noted and jotted down in the book. Should the prisoner resist he is at once clapped into a strait-jacket and his bearings taken, *volens volens*. "I regard this system," says M. Mace, "in some instances better than the old style of photography. We avoid contortions, grimaces, etc., which

prisoners frequently resort to in order to escape future detection. The record is almost perfect and many criminals have been identified by referring to the pages of this register."

The sliding measure is made to take the proportions of the body lengthwise while the thick measure is for the head, the face, roundness of arms, legs and trunk. The measurements of height taken by the sliding apparatus give the dimensions of the prisoner in his bare feet. There has been some objections raised to this system on the ground of cruelty. As every person under arrest has to suffer anthropometry, it has been sometimes a source of great annoyance to people who have been acquitted of a misdemeanor, who object to their bodily defects being on file. M. Mace consoles these unhappy persons with the cold comfort that they should have avoided in the first instance getting into the hands of the police. This is a bit of advice easily to be observed in Paris, where arrests for personal or political spite are unknown, and a clubbing officer would be a curiosity.

To the ignorant, however, the measuring is full of ghastly suggestion. Every gamin and every vagabond knows that just before the condemned is hurried away to the guillotine he is measured for the last time and anthropometry is looked upon by criminals, outside of other considerations, with well-founded dread.

When sentence of death is pronounced on a criminal at the court of Assizes, where he is tried by judge and not by jury, and where he is allowed almost unlimited freedom in his methods of defense, he is brought to La Roquette, the Tombs of Paris, to await his execution. He is placed in that part of the prison reserved for condemned criminals, but which has not the suggestiveness of Murderers' Row. He has a very short time before him—two months at the most—before his head is gathered into the basket. So much latitude is allowed at the trial that red tape appeals are very rare.

Sometime there is hope of a pardon from the President of the Republic. M. Carnot

is not very free with these documents, but M. Grevy, his predecessor, was called "the father of criminals" by his political enemies on account of his clemency. The execution always takes place at about an hour before dawn, and its date is supposed to be kept secret. The press, however, is always on hand, and all Paris knows within a week when the interesting event will occur. All but the luckless prisoner. He is kept in total ignorance of his doom, unless some kind friend smuggles in the news. Tickets are given out to a favored few by the Government, entitling the holder to an orchestra chair or a seat in the gallery. They are also on sale at the principal cafes on the Boulevards, and there is always a good house at the soirees or rather matinees—as they are called—of Papa Leible, the official headsmen of Paris.

An hour before the curtain rises the prisoner is awakened and the cheerful intelligence of his doom broken to him by his confessor. He is then hurried, often still dazed with sleep, to the office of the prison, where he at once goes through that dismal ceremony known as the last toilet of the condemned. There is no death watch, no last breakfast with its inevitable beefsteak, fried potatoes and eggs. The free cigars are missing, and so are the tears and farewells of a train of tender-hearted turnkeys. The Frenchman goes to the scaffold on an empty stomach. The doctors eat the breakfast. Nevertheless, with all these disadvantages, the guillotine and its attendant ceremonies are quite dramatic. It would never be French without a proper display of red fire and a little slow music. Much is made of the toilet, and the subsequent march to the scaffold is operatic and fully recompenses the sympathizer for previous lack of melodrama.

There is no prison in the world which has so dismal a setting as that of La Roquette. Newgate in London, with the roar of High Holborn and the clanging bells of Saint Sepulchre, is rather cheerful, and the Tombs, though a little forbidding in itself, is situated

in anything but a dismal neighborhood. La Roquette—two dark, somber buildings shut in by high, stone walls, bristling with iron bars and guarded by massive gates—is in one of the most miserable quarters of Paris. It is almost in the suburbs, but its environment possesses neither the charm of country nor the cheerfulness of town. Wretched hovels, tumble-down rookeries, the resort of thieves and malefactors, long, low barracks devoted to the storage of nothing and slowly falling into decay, mark the approach to La Roquette from the city. A dingy plot of ground, with not an oasis of grass, and whose ornaments consist of a few blighted willow trees and several old wooden benches, occupies the space between the two prisons, and is graced by the name of La Place de la Roquette. It gives birth to a narrow street, paved with high cobble stones and without sidewalks, which climbs up a steep hill, and with grim observance of the proprieties, finds its terminus a few blocks onward at the great white gates of the Cemetery of Pere la Chaise.

Each side of this doleful thoroughfare is lined with the yards of tombstone designers and marble cutters and the shops of dealers in those hideous black-bead death emblems which the French are so fond of placing on the tombs of their departed friends. At the entrance of both prisons—known as the Grande and the Petite Roquette—walk perpetual sentinels. It is in the yard of the Grande Roquette where the death-dealing invention of the Paris doctor, and named after him—the guillotine—stands ready to do its duty.

For several nights before the performance of the tragedy the Place de la Roquette is taken possession of by a howling mob of the worst characters of Paris. These seem attracted to the scene as bees, led on by the smell of blood, will surround a slaughter-house.

They jest, sing and make night hideous waiting for the time when the news of the beheading within shall have reached them. It is impossible to see anything. The high

walls, the closed batten gates and the sentinels, reinforced by soldiers, present a formidable barrier to the intrepid and morbid sight-seer.

The modern guillotine looks something like an old-fashioned scale. On a pedestal there are two parallel columns, set at a proper interval. On the inside of each of these columns there is a groove in which the knife fits and runs. Underneath the knife and between these grooves there is a long board with a semi-circle chiseled out at one end. This is almost the counterpart of the boards ladies have for sewing or cutting out gowns. The semi-circle, however, is smaller, and made to fit an ordinary neck. The parallel columns are movable, and can also be adjusted to the requirements of the executions.

There are different sized boards for different sized people, a glance at the police blotter giving the exact measurement for a comfortable fit. A "basket," so called, which is nothing else than a bath-tub lined with zinc, receives the head. As soon as the prisoner, dressed in his best suit of clothes, has been measured and registered, M. Deibler, the headsman, places his signature across the blotter and the history of the condemned man is finished. He belongs to his executioner.

He is made to sit on a stool, while one of the aids binds his legs with knotted cord. These ligatures are wound around the lower part of the leg near the ankle. Another deputy sheriff ties the hands together. The cord is knotted for "precaution's sake," according to M. Mace. Two other cords are tightly drawn around the shoulders and are fastened in one big knot with those binding the hands. These tight ligatures compel the "patient" to hold his head erect, throw back his shoulders and present a military appearance.

A last binding unites the legs with the hands, tying the man up in a heap until he resembles a foul trussed for roasting.

"Thus prepared," says M. Mace, "the

man walks slowly"—as well he might—"held up by deputy sheriffs until he reaches the board with the semi-circular end underneath the fatal knife. As this board is long, the sawed-off end, with its place for the head, rests up in the air, in the manner of a saw. The condemned is placed face downwards on this board, which immediately rights itself, by reason of its weight. The victim, bound and tied as he is, is simply helpless. Above him, at an oblique angle, is the knife. Attached to the knife are two eighty-pound weights operated by pulleys. The signal is given and the pulleys freed. The knife at once descends with lightning rapidity, and with one fell stroke severs the head from the body."

The head tumbles into the zinc repository, and all is over. The modern guillotine has been so improved that the headsman is simply a figurehead. He touches the button and the machine does the rest. It has been proposed to attach the mechanism of the guillotine to an electric wire, and by touching a button—placed perhaps near the head of his bed—the future executioner of Paris can perform his duties without being present at the scene of action, and return to his warm couch and his morning nap conscious of having done a good deed. This very utilitarian method, however, is against the *mise-en-scène*—the delight of a Frenchman's heart.

PIECES FOR RECITATION.

WHEN SAM'WEL LED THE SINGIN'.

OF course I love the house o' God
But I don't feel to hum there
The way I uster do, afore
New frangled ways had come there.
Though things are finer now, a heap,
My heart it keeps a clingin'
To our big, bare old meetin'-house,
Where Sam'wel led the singin'.

I 'low it's sorter solemn-like
To hear the organ pealin';
It kinder makes yer blood run cold,
An' fills ye full o' feelin'.

But, somehow, it don't tech the spot—
Now, mind ye, I ain't slingin'
No slurs—ez that base viol did
When Sam'wel led the singin'.

I tell ye what, when he struck up
The tune, an' sister Hanner
Put in her purty treble—eh!
That's what you'd call sopranner—
Why, all the choir, with might and main,
Set to, and seemed a flingin'
Their hull souls out with every note,
When Sam'wel led the singin'.

An' land alive, the way they'd race
Thro' grand old "Coronation!"
Each voice a-chasin' t'other round,
It jes' beat all creation!
I allus thought it must 'a' set
The bells o' heaven a-ringin'
To hear us "Crown Him Lord of All,"
When Sam'wel led the singin'

Folks didn't sing for money then;
They sung because 'twas in 'em
An' must come out. I uster feel—
If Parson could't win 'em
With preachin' an' with prayin' an'
His everlastin' dingin'—
That choir'd fetch sinners to the fold,
When Sam'wel led the singin'.

M. N. B.

THE BRAVEST OF THE BRAVE.

WHO was the bravest of the brave;
The bravest hero ever born?
'Twas one who dared a felon's grave,
Who dared to bear the scorn of scorn.
Nay, more than this—when sword was drawn
And vengeance waited but His word,
He looked with pitying eyes upon
The scene and said, "Put up thy sword!"
Could but one king be found to-day
As brave to do, as brave to say?

"Put up thy sword" into thy sheath!
"Put up thy sword," "Put up thy sword!"
By Cedron's brook thus spake beneath
The olive trees our King and Lord,
Spake calm and king-like. Sword and stave
And torch and stormy men of death
Madd clamor. Yet He spoke not, save
With loving word and patient breath,
"Put up thy sword" into the sheath!
The peaceful olive boughs beneath.

Ye Christian kings, in Christ's dear name
I charge you live no more this lie,
"Put up thy sword!" The time they came
To bind and lead Him forth to die,
Behold this was His last command!

Yet ye dare cry to Christ in prayer,
 With red and reeking sword in hand!
 Ye dare do this, as devils dare!
 Ye liars, liars, great and small,
 Ye cowards, cowards, cowards all!

O God, but for one gallant czar,
 One valiant king, one fearless queen!
 Yea, there would be an end of war,
 If but one could be heard or seen
 To follow Christ: to bravely cry,
 "Put up thy sword!" "Put up thy sword!"
 And let us dare to live and die
 As did command our King and Lord;
 With sword commanded to its sheath,
 The blessed olive boughs beneath,

JOAQUIN MILLER.

CURED BY CONFESSION.

MR. T—— received a message from his wife telling him "to hurry home quick, for the horse had kicked Sam to death," says the Birmingham (Ala.) *News*. Mr. T—— rushed home and found that his horse had kicked Sam, the colored hostler, in the region of the stomach, and he looked like a dying man. Sam thought he was going to die, and began to unburden his sin-laden soul:

"Marse John, I'se gwine ter die, but be-fore' I go I want ter tell yer whar yer'll find dat bran-new bridle yer bought de oder day and what yer thought some nigger had stolen—it's up in de loft kivered wid hay. And yer ricollect dat new lap robe dat yer thought fell our 'er de karriage—dat's under de front do'step. An' de ole pistul wat was in de buro' drawer, you'll find dat in my trunk."

And various and sundry other things that had been missed at different times were mentioned by Sam and their whereabouts disclosed. When Sam had confessed his misdeeds he seemed to feel better—confession is good for the body as well as the soul—and he finally recovered.

Mr. T—— thinks he has a valuable horse, which can kick a man in the stomach and make him disgorge stolen property.

HE who studieth revenge keepeth his own wounds green.

THE TIME FOR PRAYER.

When is the time for prayer?
 With the first beams that light the morning sky,
 Ere for the toils of day thou dost prepare,
 Lift up thy thoughts on high:
 Commend thy loved ones to His watchful care:—
 Morn is the time for prayer!

And in the noontide hour,
 If worn by toil or by sad care oppress
 Then unto God thy spirit's sorrows pour,
 And He will give thee rest;
 Thy voice shall reach Him through the fields of air:
 Noon is the time for prayer!

When the bright sun hath set,
 Whilest yet eve's glowing colors deck the skies;
 When with the loved, at home, again thou'st met;
 Then let thy prayer arise
 For those who in thy joys and sorrows share:—
 Eve is the time for prayer!

And when the stars come forth,—
 When to the trusting heart sweet hopes are given,
 And the deep stillness of the hour gives birth
 To pure bright dreams of heaven,—
 Kneel to thy God—ask strength life's ills to bear:
 Night is the time for prayer!

When is the time for prayer?
 In every hour, while life is spared to thee—
 In crowds or solitude—in joy or care—
 Thy thoughts should heavenward flee.
 At home—at morn and eve—with loved ones there,
 Bend thou the knee in prayer!

THE biggest university in the world is at Cairo, Egypt—a country which is not mentioned at all in the statistics—and it has 11,000 students. They come from every part of the Mohammedan world, and they study Mussulman law, history, theology and other branches needed to confirm them in the faith of Mohammed. They sit on the floor of an enormous court and study aloud, and the Western visitor who calls on them during study hours thinks that he has struck the original site of the Tower of Babel and that the confused of tongue haven't stopped talking yet.

RICHES do not exhilarate us so much with their possession as they torment us with their loss.

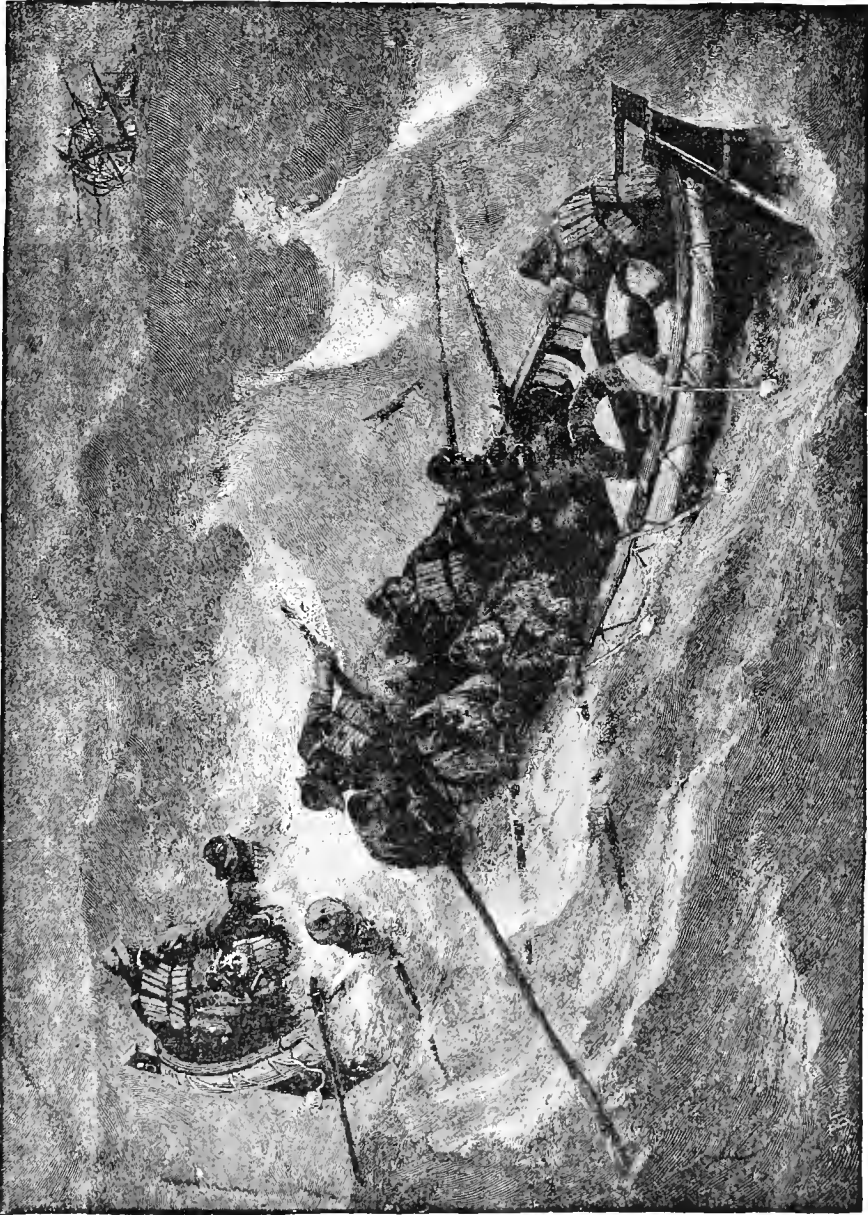
OUR LIFE-SAVING SERVICE.

[CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 332.]

THE people at each of these stations are a world to themselves. Each bleak, little

conquests over the wildest elements, a heroic use of self and a humble trust in God.

An old seaman said to a drowning boy : " Hold on ! hold on ! my boy. I've got hold of the rope, and God has good hold of both



TO THE RESCUE.

home is full of work, care, anxiety and danger, a strange mingling of the grand and pitiful, beautiful in courage and bravery, in

of us?" The men are wonderfully religious in sentiment, rarely indulging in carousals of any sort. Rev. Dr. Talmage says of them :

"They live in tragedy, apart from the common world, a life of desolate grandeur, face to face with death, as with a friend."

After storms and wrecks how grateful to the rescued the little, warm room on shore with its glowing fire, its dry, warm clothing, the great bowls of fragrant, steaming coffee, the fried potatoes and hot biscuit! Rolled in thick blankets, and tucked away in beds prepared for them under a snug roof, with abundant food and good care, they recuperate rapidly. Thick army-blankets are generously provided, dry clothing and comforts furnished at every station, and medicine and restoratives for all the rescued. The supply is constantly kept up by the Woman's National Relief Association, whose president is the wife of the late Chief Justice Waite.

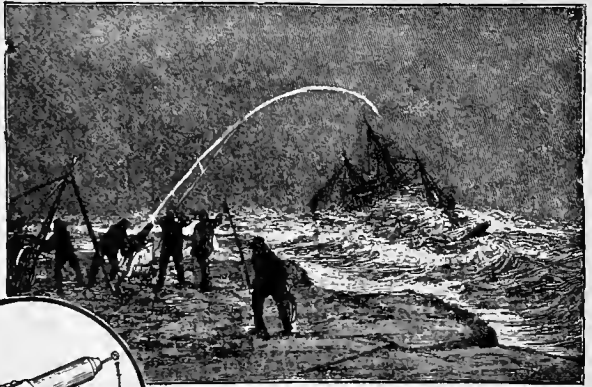
This splendid work began in 1860, and is now the glory and pride of our women's work, in its voluntary, successful growth.

Exhausted, drenched, frozen and wounded, the crew come to this little home, to find warmth and food awaiting them. The patrolman, from weary marches comes inside this snug haven to find the kitchen fire warm and bright, his Scotch cap and big Guernsey jacket are hung up to dry, the table is soon laid, and the good, plain food, strong and nourishing, well prepared. When the "wind is off shore" and the skies clear, the men gather about their "mess-room table" with books to read or stories to tell, and sometimes a weird concert is given with violin or flute, and the boat-house is cleaned for a merry dance with friends or relatives who come from the mainland; but never is the patrol relaxed; rules are inflexible.

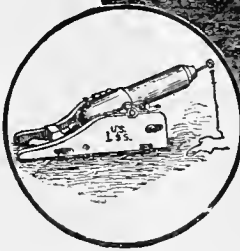
A very unique station is on the campus of North-western University, Evanston, Illinois, on the shore of Lake Michigan. An experienced seaman is in charge, and the crew is

composed of students who for nine months' service receive enough to meet the expenses of their education for one year. They do full work as students and each one is engaged in the service four hours in every twenty-four. Some are constantly on duty. They patrol the shore in the darkest and stormiest nights, warn vessels, call the crew in case of peril, practice the beach drill, and rowing on the lake. In 1889, this student-crew saved more lives than all the twenty-two stations on the lakes had done in the two previous years.

In November, 1889, with the thermometer marking ten below zero, and a storm of unusual severity raging, they saved eighteen



FIRING THE LIFE-LINE.



persons from a stranded steamer near Fort Sheridan. From the bluff eighty feet high they fired their line, but the shot fell short of the steamer. With

the help of some soldiers the boat was launched, and "at the word of command each man took his icy oar." After a desperate struggle and wonderful endurance, with only four rowers at a time, they accomplished their grand work. The superintendent wrote them letters of highest praise, and the soldiers gave them strongest words of commendation.

Railroads, telegraph and telephone lines make it easy, in time of need, to concentrate the crews of stations. What an illustration of proficiency, discipline, coolness and skill, is the Lake Superior crew, who were called one night to Chocoley Beach, Michigan, one

hundred and ten miles from their own station! Their special train, with all the life-saving apparatus on board, ran at its highest speed, reaching the beach at midnight. A blinding snow-storm raged on the lake shore, but with prompt, enthusiastic work they saved the lives of all persons on board two stranded vessels. What would our children think of a ride like this?

One winter night, on a dreary coast near New York City, a patrolman spied through the sleet and rain a dim red port-light from a wrecked schooner. He ran one mile to the station, for the crew and all the apparatus. The storm grew more wild, the lanterns were dim with ice. In the darkness the big rope was at last on board the vessel, and the breeches-buoy flew across the waves, bringing back a colored man, who screamed out, "O sir! save my captain's wife and children! They are dying of the cold."

In an instant the breeches-buoy leaped over the surf and returned with one of the crew holding in his arms the pale, fainting mother, while the next trip brought the captain and father with his little six-year-old girl hugged tightly to his breast. Her little wet, cold face was full of cheer and faith as she swung safely over the dreadful roaring sea in "father's arms." The old surfsman who carried her to the station said, "I wasn't ashamed to cry for joy when the little thing held to my old scraggly neck and chattered away cheery as a sparrer in winter." The ten-year-old "Mary" came next, and then the sailors, one by one, till all were safe.

Such a world of strength lies in the magnetic courage of these men! On a wrecked vessel in 1880, a woman who had been tossed about, expecting every moment to be swept away, said, after the danger was passed, "I heard the guns, saw the flash of the signal, could see figures, in the intervals of the storm, moving on the beach. I knew who they were, I had seen them at work and at home in their little stations; and I felt safe! An army of men fighting for the shipwrecked, with God as their captain."

The bark "Liverpool" ran aground in a dreadful storm, lying for hours in greatest peril. The steward at last spied living objects on shore. The effect was electrical. He turned toward the hopeless, despairing passengers, and began singing with all his might, "The flag that sets you free." The poor souls sprang up and frantically joined in the wild melody; the surfmen heard it above the roaring of the sea! The shot went whizzing through the air, the life-line bridged the danger, and all were saved!

No one has forgotten the tempest of wind and snow that swept over the United States on March 12, 1888, from the Rockies to the Great Lakes—a storm without precedent, causing more loss of life and suffering than from any storm on record. Marine disasters were few, owing partly to the splendid work of the crews of our Life-saving Service. At Delaware Breakwater the harbor was full of anchored vessels, and the havoc unparalleled. Intense darkness, sleet, snow, and wind snapping masts to splinters, were some of the dangers to be faced. These men crawled on their hands and knees to escape the cutting sleet and sand, but with buffetings and failures, the lines snapping like threads, they launched the life-boat, and, after nine hours of desperate work, brought the frost-bitten, ill and dying to their station!

At Cape Henlopen three crews saved one hundred and ninety-four persons in this great storm. "Not one life lost!" Such was the one little message, as it throbbed over the wires that dreadful March day.

Volumes of greatest interest could be written of these men and their wonderful deeds, their noble fidelity, capability and dauntless courage, their arduous, often terrible, duties, always conscientiously performed, of their drills, the houses of refuge, the code of signals, methods for restoring the apparently drowned, and other strange experiences in their perilous life-work.

Margaret Spencer.

As rust corrupts iron, so envy corrupts man.

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, JUNE 15, 1892.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

The Truth our Strength—Our Elders.



IT IS the truth which constitutes the strength of our Church and the gospel which we preach—the Church being founded by the Almighty upon the basis of eternal truth, and the gospel being the system of eternal salvation which was prepared before the foundation of the world. It is this that makes the Church and the gospel impregnable and indestructible. It is true, the Church may be destroyed by killing or destroying all its members. The gospel in its fullness and perfection may be driven from the earth by the same method. But so long as men and women are permitted to live, and are faithful to the principles of the gospel, it is beyond the power of man to overthrow the Church or to obliterate the principles of the gospel.

This is a grand, consoling reflection which Latter-day Saints can indulge in. No matter how dark everything may be around them, and how completely their way may to all appearances be hedged up, they can rely upon the eventual triumph of the gospel in the earth; for God, whose word never fails, has made promises to this effect concerning it. Deride the principles as the world may, misrepresent them, discolor them, and in every imaginable way make them appear what they are not, yet they will live and overcome all opposition, because they are eternal truths, and will bear the most rigorous and severe tests. No one need be afraid of the principles of the gospel as revealed to and taught by the Latter-day Saints being overthrown, or even being successfully combatted. These principles have stood the test of ages. They

have passed through the most fiery ordeals, and they have not lost by the lapse of time their original power to endure attack and to withstand assault.

THOSE who have embraced the gospel in its purity have wonderful advantages. They have embraced the truth; and if they continue faithful to it they will find it unchangeable, both in time and in eternity. It is a delightful thought, that God in His condescension has revealed to men on the earth those glorious principles which are believed in and understood in heaven; that when those who have embraced them and have proved faithful to them go from this state of existence into another they will find that the truths which they have embraced and the ordinances to which they have submitted are the truths and the ordinances which the heavenly hosts have all received and acted upon, and by the means of which they have been exalted; that every being, from the Son Himself to the last that has been permitted to enter that glorious society, has obeyed the same truths and the same ordinances that are now taught and administered to us; that not one of that innumerable throng is an exception in this respect.

In the midst of the trials and afflictions of this mortal life, this is a most delightful and consoling reflection. It is this that has sustained the servants and people of God in past ages, in the midst of the persecutions and afflictions which they had to endure. The consciousness that they had received the truth—the eternal truth of heaven—and that they had done the will of the Father in obeying it and in submitting to the ordinances which are connected with the gospel, was an unceasing cause of comfort and sustaining power to them.

It is the same in our day. The hatred, the opposition, the plots and the devices of the wicked amount to nothing against the truth which God has revealed or the Church which He has established. It is true, they are causes of annoyance; they perplex and afflict because

we are mortal and it is designed that we should be tested; but in reality they amount to nothing, in view of the great strength and power which truth possesses and the promises which God has made concerning His work in these last days. The truth, pure and undefiled, has come from heaven, revealed to us by the Great Author Himself. And it has come to stay. It will not return void. Its seed has been planted in a small spot to begin with; but it is fruitful beyond measure. It grows and increases on every hand. While, it is true, the weeds of error and falsehood have a firm hold in the earth and are well rooted, yet the seeds of truth spread and make their way with a steady growth, and their progress cannot be arrested.

THE Church of Christ has been established on the earth in a perfectly organized form. Its founder is the Lord Almighty. Its officers have been designated by Him. He has given instructions as to their kind and their number, and has assigned them their duties and all their functions. The Church now on the earth is organized precisely as it was when it was here before. A comparison between the two, if our records contained all the details, would show that in every particular they are alike. The officers in the Holy Priesthood are the same. The authority and powers which each officer holds and exercises are the same today as they were in ancient days. When the moderns who bear the Priesthood shall have the privilege of entering into the society of the ancients who bear it, they will stand upon the same level. The authority of each will be equal, and their experience will be entirely similar.

ONE of the remarkable features of the work of God in the last days has been that uneducated and sometimes illiterate men have gone out as ministers of Christ. They have had to meet and discuss with the learned men of the world, whose lives have been devoted to the study of religious questions, and who

have been supposed to be thoroughly familiar with theology. Looking at the Elders of this Church from the standpoint of the world, it would seem to be impossible for them to meet with any success while opposed by such ability and odds. The only advantage that they possessed — and it has been a most stupendous advantage — has been that they have been called of God and ordained as His servants. Like the humble fishermen of Galilee, this has been their only strength. But what extraordinary results have attended their labors! Wherever they have gone, those who have listened to them have been pierced to the heart by the truths which they taught. In simple and unadorned language they have told the message of which they were bearers, and no music that ever saluted mortal ears has been sweeter to the ears of honest lovers of truth than have been their words and testimonies. Gladness and joy have attended their footsteps. They have carried peace, and light, and knowledge to the abodes of men, where uncertainty, and doubt and darkness reigned before. Their message has been indeed glad tidings of salvation to those who have received it. Thousands of souls have been lifted from the depths of despair into the regions of hope and heavenly certainty. The Elders have opened the path for mankind to walk in for which many had been long searching, and searching in vain, the path that leads to celestial glory and exaltation. They carried tidings most welcome to honest souls, that God lives, and that He has spoken from the heavens. They showed the humble seekers after God how to find Him, how to worship Him, and to receive from Him the testimonies which they desired. What a wonderful revolution has been wrought in the earth by the labors of these humble men! And, how it stands out in contrast, in its grand results, with the labors of those whom men have sent, and who have gone forth in their worldly wisdom to try and save mankind!

THE children of the Latter-day Saints

should be, under the influence of the truth which they are taught, the most useful, the most happy and the most perfect upon the earth. They possess every advantage; for God has made the grandest promises to them. They have the truth. They can rely upon it with certainty. It is unmixed with error. Not only do they have the truth, but they have the spirit of truth—the Holy Ghost,—under whose guidance they may be led from one truth to another until they will receive a fullness of truth. In view of all this, how thankful they ought to be to the Lord! How diligent they ought to be in keeping His commandments! How earnestly they should seek to witness unto Him that they appreciate that which He has done for them, by listening to His counsels and keeping His commandments! In this way they can show the Lord that they are not ungrateful, and that He has not given them these favors in vain.

The Lord loves a humble, grateful child. He will show such a one favor. He will make covenant with such a one, and will have him in remembrance constantly. In hours of trouble, perplexity or trial, He will be near at hand to listen to the cry of the afflicted soul, and be ready to extend the help and deliverance which he may need.

If our juveniles could understand these things as they are, they would love God with all their hearts. They would never do anything to grieve His Holy Spirit. They would listen to His counsels. They would be strict in keeping His commandments, and in doing so they would be happy; for there is no happiness on this earth so pure, so exalted, that fills every part of a human being with inexpressible joy, as the keeping of the commandments of the Lord and enjoying the presence and companionship of His Holy Spirit.

WE must never prefer the esteem of men to the approbation of God. Every day this sacred rule is transgressed, by sacrificing virtue and conscience to a false honor and popular renown.

V.—THE JAREDITES.

The Kings of the Jaredites, Continued—Emer—
Coriantum—Com—Heth—A Desolating
Famine—The Second Great Des-
truction—Shiz—Ripakish
—Morianton.

EMER, the son of Omer, was one of the best kings of his race, he executed judgment in righteousness all his days. In his reign the people greatly increased in numbers and in wealth, becoming the owners of large herds of useful animals, and rich in agricultural and mineral products, in gems and fine manufactured goods. The curse, also, which had come upon the land during the days of Akish, because of the iniquity of the people, began to be removed as they were now living more righteously. Emer's was a lengthy reign; sixty-two years are mentioned; but it is not evident whether this period covers the whole of his reign or not. When he died, full of years and honor, he was succeeded by one of his numerous sons, named Coriantum, whom he had anointed king four years before his death. It is recorded of Emer that he saw the Son of Righteousness, and did rejoice in his day.

Coriantum was a righteous, just and vigorous ruler, and in his days the Jaredites were greatly prospered and many large cities were built. But he had no children until he was exceedingly old; his wife died when she was one hundred and two years of age, after which he married a young maid, who bore him sons and daughters. He lived until he was one hundred and forty-two years old, when he died, and was succeeded on the throne by his son Com.

Com was evidently born when his father was very aged. He ascended the throne with the prospects of a brighter future; but the leaven of iniquity was again beginning to work. Great prosperity, with attendant riches, was alienating the hearts of the Jaredites from God. During the peaceful and lengthy reigns of Emer and Coriantum they had increased marvelously in numbers

and during Com's reign this continued and they spread far and wide over the continent.

Com had not been long on the throne before the old murderous associations, that had well nigh destroyed the race in the days of his great grandfather, Omer, were revived. In the forty-ninth year of his reign he had a son born whom he named Heth. This son when he grew to manhood became a leader in these unholy societies. He rose in rebellion against his father, slew him with his own sword, and became king in his stead. The Lord then sent many prophets, who called upon the people to repent, declaring that if they did not, a desolating famine should oversweep the land. The people, led and inspired by the parricide, Heth, rejected the warnings of the servants of God, and cruelly abused them, some they cast out, some they threw into pits and left them to perish. Before long the rains from heaven ceased, and there was a great drouth over all the land; and poisonous serpents made their appearance and killed many people. These serpents also attacked the flocks of the Jaredites and drove them in vast bodies towards the southern continent. Many perished by the way, but some reached the land known to the Nephites as Zarahemla. Restrained by the power of God, the serpents stopped at the Isthmus of Panama, where they formed a cordon, preventing the Jaredites from further following their scattered flocks. The carcasses of the beasts which fell by the way were ravenously eaten by the famished people, until they had devoured them all. We can scarcely imagine the horrors that must have attended this famine, when the people consumed the poisoned flesh of the creatures thus killed. Disease in its most terrible form must have followed famine. Before long even this loathsome food was all consumed and the people rapidly perished. Thus a second time was the race almost utterly destroyed. God's word was again vindicated—the people of this land must serve Him or they would be consumed by His judgments. In Omer's day it was fratricidal war that accomplished the

purpose; in Heth's, famine and pestilence were the weapons of God's wrath.

When thus brought to the brink of the grave, the few that remained turned in their utter misery to heaven. When they had sufficiently humbled themselves the Lord sent the long-needed rain, and the remnants began to revive. Soon there began to be fruit in the north country and the regions round about. All the royal family had perished except Shez, a son or descendant* of Heth, who, when the crops again began to grow, commenced to build up this desolate race. He was a virtuous man, and taught his people righteousness, and the sun of prosperity shone upon them. His peace, however, was marred by the treason of his son Shez, who rebelled against him. This son, however, was slain by a robber, and peace was restored. In the later years of his lengthy reign, Shez built many cities, and the rapidly increasing people spread out in various directions. This monarch lived to an exceeding old age, was blessed with numerous children, and when he died was succeeded on the throne by his son Riplakish, who was apparently the youngest of his family.

Ripalkish was unfortunately an unrighteous man. He greatly afflicted his people by imposing upon them grievously heavy taxes, and when they could not, or would not pay these exactions he cast them into prison, where he compelled them to labor continually to sustain him in his whoredoms and abominations, and in the erection of costly and magnificent edifices that conduced to his luxury; if any prisoner refused to labor he was put to death. In this way he greatly adorned his kingdom, but he also filled it with prisons. For forty-two years the people groaned under his oppressions, when they rose in their anger, slew Riplakish and drove his descendants out

* In the first chapter of Ether, Shez is called the son of Heth; in the tenth chapter he is called a descendant; but these two words are used in the Book of Ether as in the Bible and other ancient records interchangeably, or one for the other; and son, or daughter may mean a direct descendant of any remoteness.

of the land. What form of government immediately followed is uncertain, we have no information on this point, but we are told that after many years one of his descendants, named Morianton, gathered an army of outcasts and invaded the Jaredite country.

The war that followed was an exceedingly severe one, and lasted a number of years. One by one the cities of the Jaredites fell into the hands of Morianton, until he had made himself master of the entire country. When established in power, he conciliated the people by lightening their burdens, so that they anointed him king. During his mild though energetic reign the people were greatly prospered, many new cities were built, and the nation grew exceedingly rich. He lived to a very great age, and when too old to hold the reins of government, he abdicated in favor of his son Kim, Morianton surviving this action eight years. His character is thus summarized in the Book of Ether: "He did do justice unto the people, but not unto himself, because of his many whoredoms; wherefore he was cut off from the presence of the Lord."

George Reynolds.

ALL IS WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

(CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 236.)

FARMER JASPER, with tasselled smoking-cap, stood sunning his portly person on his doorstep, swelling with pride and satisfaction, and watching with keen interest a pair of prancing, black horses that were being cleaned in front of the stable door. Farmer Jasper was a proud man and was proud of many things; his broad acres, his fat cattle, his fine horses, his pretty daughter, his own ignorance, which he considered incomparable wisdom and sound judgment. He was giving some directions about the horses in a gruff voice, when the heavy gate creaked on its rusty hinges and Tristan entered with a beating heart but steady steps and approached the big farmer.

"Why here is Tristan, the saint!" Farmer Jasper called out at sight of the young man, "how' do, Brother Tristan!" and with mock politeness he touched his cap with the mouth-piece of his pipe. "Comin' to preach? Well we don't want none o' your foolery round this place."

"I haven't come to preach," said Tristan, meekly.

"Oh you ain't; well what have you come for then?"

"I would like to say a few words to you alone."

Oh well, say on an' be done an' gone as soon's you can." Tristan cast a look in the direction of the man and hesitated. Farmer Jasper noticing this said, scornfully: "Oh, I an' you ain't got anythin' to say to each other but what he may listen an' welcome."

"Now or never," thought Tristan, and fearing he might be driven away before he had said what he wanted to, blurted out:

"Perhaps you know that Ingeborg and I are fond of each other and I've come to ask your consent to marry her, providing she's willing."

The rich man broke out in boisterous laughter, but Tristan looked fearlessly at him with blushing face, and said:

"Do you think there's anything so very ridiculous in me lovin' Ingeborg or proposin' to her? We're a poor set I know, but I've all my life been honest and dealt fairly with everybody, and I guess you might have a worse suitor for Ingeborg's hand than me." Tristan stood proud and erect, glowing with wounded pride, as the hired man acknowledged afterward, though he joined in laughing with his employer now.

But when the farmer had recovered from his laughing fit he merely said, turning to the man: "Why the fool's gone clean out o' his senses. If you see him hanging 'round this place much longer you help him off with anything you can lay hands on." And he turned and kicked the door violently open and disappeared. Tristan walked slowly

away thinking that Ingeborg was lost to him forever.

That same night there was to have been a meeting of Saints at Tristan's home, but mob violence prevented it. The mobocrats had gathered with hatchets and hay-forks ready for short work with "them long-faced rascals," but as the Saints were peaceful people they postponed the meeting which did not prevent the others from attacking some of the brethren, and as Tristan hastened to the rescue of the little cobbler, who was faring ill at the hands of some big ruffians, he was shamefully abused and called all sorts of vile names. As he did not reply some one lashed him across the face with a whip leaving a long, white mark. Tristan turned furiously and wrenched the whip out of the coward's grip and broke it across his knee, which enraged the other, who with a "take that, you dog," ran his short-bladed knife into his shoulder. Tristan uttered a loud exclamation of pain and tried to cover the bleeding wound with his own hand, but said as calmly as he could though his voice trembled: "Some day you'll wish you hadn't been guilty of this, Michael!" But they were already walking off as fast as possible for fear this deed might cause them trouble, and Tristan went into the house and put a cloth around his arm tightly; and after the people had all gone he got his mother to bandage the arm properly. While she cried and lamented and asked if it didn't hurt terribly, he bore it patiently.

"Hurt!" he exclaimed, "no; it burns and tingles, but it ain't pain, its pride at having received a blow in my Master's service!"

Tristan saw Ingeborg once or twice at meeting, where she had stolen unknown to her father and each time he hastened to get a word with her, but before he was aware of it she had vanished; and he resolved to be better on his guard when she should come again; but she came no more. In the spring he heard she was to be married to an elderly, rich upland farmer.

Towards evening on the day before the wed-

ding was to take place Tristan stole up to the farm with a vague hope of catching a glimpse of Ingeborg; but he dared not go too near the house, where everything was hurry and bustle preparing for the wedding feast, which in those days lasted no less than three days. Very low spirited he sat down on a stump and thought of the many blissful hours which he had spent in Ingeborg's company in the happy, by-gone days, and how he regretted not having declared his love for her then; he would now at least have had the satisfaction of knowing whether she cared for him or not. He sat there till quite late and he was chilled through; then he realized that it was vain to hope to see her. Very likely she was busy with her bridal finery. He rose and started homeward.

He had not gone far when he perceived, at some distance, a woman coming slowly from an opposite direction and with a wild, joyous throb he knew Ingeborg's figure, although her head was bent and her otherwise so light step seemed slow and weary. He stepped behind a large sheltering oak and stood in breathless silence waiting till she was quite near, when he stepped out and stood in the path again with crossed arms. He blocked the way for her, and she was so absorbed in her own thoughts that she did not notice him till his shadow fell across the path. She raised her head in a startled manner and seeing who it was stepped back and clasped her hands. Then holding them out again she said softly: "My Tristan; I knew I should see you once more." Tristan's manly breast swelled with joy, but for fear of betraying the emotion within it, he silently bit his lip.

"Have you nothing to say to me?" Ingeborg asked, again stepping back. "I know you love me, Tristan, although you never told me, and I know that you think hard of me for—"

"No! Never a hard thought of you came into my mind, Ingeborg. But I sorrowed because my heart yearned for a word from you, but now you have given me great joy, for I know you love me."

"Alas, I do! But it can neither harm nor benefit you now. Tomorrow I become another man's wife."

She covered her face with her hands and sobbed, while Tristan, also unable to control his feeling, did the same. But suddenly he stopped and clutching her one hand he exclaimed desperately: "Ingeborg come with me; we'll leave the country! Don't sell yourself to that man!"

Tristan's impetuosity made Ingeborg calm; she dried her eyes and drew back. "No, no, Tristan; that would be wrong. We're unhappy but don't let's be wicked. You know I've ne'er done ought but what father wanted; he has been kind to me and loves me in his way; he's set on this marriage and I must obey if it breaks my heart. But one thing I will tell you as Ruth told Naomi of old: Your God shall be my God, and your people shall be my people; for I believe in what these people, the Mormons say. I know God will help me in some way, and some day, Tristan, I feel it, we'll meet again and be happy. And now, goodbye my friend and God comfort you and me."

Tristan took the outstretched hand and held it between his own as if he meant to keep it forever; but he could say nothing, not even good-by. She drew her hand quietly out of his and walked slowly away. The young man leaned against the tree and gave way to his sorrow; but only God saw it and He had compassion on him. When his grief wasspent his aching heart was comforted with a feeling of hope that he knew God had sent him, and he went home whispering, "She shall be mine in another and better world."

Ingeborg's wedding took place the next day and some weeks later Tristan was called to go on a mission and preach the gospel to his fellow-men. When his two years of faithful labor were completed and he had been the means of bringing many souls into the Church, he and his mother were helped to emigrate to Zion.

Twenty years have passed since Tristan left his native country, to gather with the

Saints in Utah, where he has helped to build up a community by hard work and unswerving integrity. Time has wrought many changes in and about him; but his old, child-like trust in his Heavenly Father is the same as when he first received the glad tidings of great joy, although afflictions of many kinds have tried to shake it. Twenty years had not passed over Tristan's head, however, without leaving their impress behind. Time had streaked his hair with gray, furrowed his cheek and bent his stalwart form. But the eye is clear and blue as of old, albeit without the mischievous twinkle, and the voice is deep and full, and never faltered when duty bade him speak.

But God has allowed many trials to beset his path; and death, the unmerciful slayer of youth, of hope and happiness has robbed his nest, and like a lonely bird he droops his head in sorrow, for the mate, who had helped him bear so many losses, has been taken last of all, and he glances round the empty rooms, when he enters his house for the kind face of his faithful wife or the sweet, bright eyes of their little ones. They are all gone, but still he says, patiently, like Job: "The Lord gave, the Lord taketh away, blessed be the name of the Lord."

Thus lonely, sat Tristan one summer evening in his cool kitchen, contemplating his loss, when the active little Bishop, whose particular friend he is, came bustling into the room and called out: "Look here Brother Risdal, you better come with me down to the tithing office and help me dispose of some immigrants. They've just come, you know, and there's quite a few of them that have no places to go to particularly. There's especially a sister from Denmark—from your part of the country, too, I think—and as you've plenty of room I was thinking—"

"Yes, of course, Bishop, I am willing to accommodate as many as I can, till they can get something better." Taking his hat Tristan and the Bishop went.

"Yes, she's a widow, they say," continued

the Bishop on their way, "with half dozen or more of children, some of them grown pretty well, real handsome children, too, and I was thinking if you and the widow—hum!" The Bishop blew his nose violently and Tristan smiled and shook his head, and stopped short to look at a young girl who was out by the ditch, in front of the tithing office dipping up water in a tin bucket. "Why where have I seen that girl before," he said as they entered the yard.

"I guess you ain't seen her anywhere; that's one of the widow's girls." Tristan turned again to look at the pretty, young girl, who blushed at being noticed, and all of a sudden a vision of his Ingeborg stood clearly before his mind's eye. With a strange expectant sensation he hurried into the tithing office. There were a good many people assembled, some of whom had come to meet their friends and relatives, others out of curiosity, and some to see what they could do in the way of helping.

On a well-stuffed sack of bedclothes sat a matronly woman of about forty years of age, round and plump, with a good deal of color in her cheeks and a kind, motherly look about her, surrounded by five or six fine children of both sexes and of all ages from seventeen to six. The minute she saw Tristan she made an effort to rise but sank back on the sack again. Tristan saw her at once and after scanning her features, which were unmistakably Ingeborg's grown older, he hurried to her and clasping both her hands in his own, exclaimed: "Welcome, Ingeborg, a thousand times welcome! And you, my dear children welcome also; for I suppose they're all yours, Ingeborg?"

Ingeborg, who was much affected nodded and wiped her eyes, and the Bishop, who stood by, blew his nose and tried to screen the actors in this touching scene from the curious. But not succeeding very well he bustled them all off with many assurances to Tristan, that that would be all right.

Once within Tristan's own house their feelings were allowed free vent and many a

sympathetic tear rolled down Ingeborg's cheek as Tristan recounted his sad losses. Life's river had run smoother with Ingeborg, she had been allowed to keep all her children; her husband, for whom she at first had felt no love, had been a good husband and his death, two years ago had been sincerely mourned by her and the children; but it had of course furnished her the liberty to embrace the gospel, which she had loved since she first heard it, but had been prohibited from accepting, by his insurmountable dislike for anything that savored of Mormonism. Her father had died soon after her marriage, leaving a good deal of means to her; but they had met with many losses and after having paid the emigration of her large family as well as of several poor Saints, she had not a great deal left.

A couple of weeks later Tristan presented himself at the Bishop's asking if he could get a recommend to go to the temple, he was going to be married again. The Bishop patted him triumphantly on the shoulder, saying, "What did I tell you, Brother Risdal? Didn't I say that you and the widow would make a match?"

"Yes, but you didn't know we had been sweethearts when young," Tristan answered smilingly.

"Oh, I had my suspicions, I had my suspicions," said the Bishop, unwilling to admit that he hadn't known all about it.

And thus the Lord blessed Tristan greatly with a loving wife again and many children, for all Ingeborg's children were sealed to him and they were as fond of him as if he had been their own father. And when the two sat talking in the twilight Tristan would often pat the plump hand that lay in his and say, "Well, God be thanked for His goodness. All is well that ends well, my Ingeborg!"

S. Valentine.

LET your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your father which is in heaven.

OVER THE DESERT TO THE
COLORADO.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 350.]

ONE o'clock on Monday found the "bug-hunters" in front of the Escalante Co-op. The name bug-hunters, which we had received on account of a recognized disposition to collect specimens of fauna and flora, locally known as bugs and weeds, was considered rather complimentary than otherwise. It was better to be bug-hunters than vagrant searchers for buried treasure and golden images that tradition affirms were buried by the Moqui, three centuries ago. Some of the loungers on the store-steps thought that gold was the object of the trip; but too many examples of broken-down prospectors are found in southern Utah and too many bleaching skeletons lie beside the dark, rushing river to tempt a sane man to devote his life to the pursuit of such a will-o'-the-wisp.

"Forward" was the word and the wagon and two horsemen were at length *en route* for a *terra incognita*, prepared to find

"Tongues in trees,
Books in the running brooks
Sermons in stones, and good
In everything."

The *personnel* of the party was as follows: Bishop A. P. Schow, captain; Dr. J. E. Talmage, scientific director; Llewellyn Harris, guide; Thomas Schow, collector in natural history; the scribe, who was also cook. It took but a few moments to pass from the little village, where Nature was just adorning herself in spring raiment, when the fruit trees were in bloom and the lucern fields made a velvet lawn, to the desert. All uncultivated land in Utah is desert, and yet, when the labor of man brings down the water from the creeks and mountains, the desert is as much a myth as was the freckled blotch that, thirty years ago, marked the arid region on the map of the United States. It takes a Utah settlement to show what patience and perseverance, with a minimum expendi-

ture of capital, can accomplish in redeeming a naturally barren waste. Could water be brought upon this Escalante desert, it would be as fruitful as any soil in the Territory. As it is, sagebrush, greasewood, yuccas and cacti flourish, while sheep and cattle find plenty of browse when the snow drives them from the upland ranges. This south-eastern desert has none of the dreary monotony of the Nevada and Wyoming deserts. There are no patches of alkaline wastes where vegetation cannot exist. In the brush warblers and finches build their nests and all day long they sing their cheerful songs.

To our right, as we rode along, was the long range that extends from the head of the Paria to Navajo peak. Its Indian name is Kaibabbits, or Deer mountain. It forms a succession of immense scallops, each with a ten-mile chord and each terminating in a bold, square-fronted bluff. To our left Escalante creek furrowed its deep canyon. Beyond this lay the Boulder country and, sixty miles to the north, the three Henry mountains raised their snowy crests to the cloudless blue. No incident of note occurred during the afternoon. The entomologist added several butterflies to his collection and the scribe noted two species of yucca and two of cactus—the common *opuntia* and a beautiful scarlet *mamillaria*.

At 6:30 we drove up to our first camping ground—the twenty-mile spring. Supper was soon ready and we managed to make the water, which, in addition to its alkaline qualities, was impregnated with a sheep flavor, palatable by means of mountain rush. This mountain rush tea became our regular beverage and a more beautiful spring drink would be difficult to find. Our sleep was not refreshing for the wind whistled down the canyon, filling our beds with sand and dirt and constantly disarranging our covering.

The morning broke all too soon and after breakfast the cyanide of potassium bottle, without which insect collecting would have been a farce, was found to be broken. It was mended with gypsum, found on the spot

and calcined in the frying-pan. Then began the second day's ride. The mesa widened and, on either side, were flocks of sheep and scattered bunches of cattle. From the tall sagebrush Arizona warblers sang their sweetest songs. Indeed all birds seemed absolutely fearless of the presence of man. This morning we captured two beautiful golden-spot lizards. All lizards were put in a raisin box with a little sand, and though we had several species by the time our trip was ended, they lived in perfect harmony.

About 10 o'clock we reached the "Washboards," a series of gulches, deep and rocky, but occurring with the regularity of folds in corrugated iron. Here it was tedious traveling and many miles were covered in going but a short distance. Noon found us at Coyote Hole. The water was too vile to be palatable even to the thirsty. It seemed to be impregnated both with sulphur and with magnesium chloride. Were such a spring at Salt Lake or Saratoga the owner would have an independent fortune as its medical properties are indisputable, it being more potent than Friedrichshall or Hunyadi Jonas.

At 2 o'clock the caravan was again in motion. All the morning the wind had blown furiously and sometimes clouds of dust would almost blind us. The early afternoon was no better, but a change in climate and scenery made us forget these temporary discomforts. We were entering a warmer region. About us were new and brilliant flowers and over us hovered small butterflies of gorgeous hues. Even the landscape varied to suit the occasion. The uniform gray of the rocks was relieved by red, sometimes in strata and sometimes in bold cathedral-like masses; and, withal, upon the farther mountains to the north and east were the varied tints of pearl and purple and blue, to which distance and this wonderful atmosphere imparted a kaleidoscopic vividness. In all the southern canyons, scarcely five miles from us, were lofty, fantastic, natural chimneys, in all stages of formation, each capped by a boulder which had protected the soft rock beneath from the

destructive influences of water, wind and weather.

Five o'clock brought us to the Dancing Hall, which we stopped to visit. The Dancing Hall is a mound of red sandstone about one hundred and fifty feet high, in one side of which the action of water has hewn a chamber, ninety by fifty feet in size, with a floor as smooth as though graven with a chisel and tried with a level. In another hour we reached Forty-mile Spring, the termination of the second day's journey. Here was a miserable camping ground, little water and less fuel. But on the desert one has to camp at water and it is foolish to find fault with that which might be much worse. To our great relief the wind died away with the setting sun and, as we lay down, the stars seemed to shine with an unwonted splendor—a splendor of which dwellers in cities and by the misty seashore are ignorant. Long we talked about the celestial glory, watching constellation after constellation as it moved along its ordained path, pondering in the solitude, alone with nature and with nature's God, upon things that the turmoil of every day life is too apt to crowd from our minds, perhaps growing stronger and purer from the lessons of the night and of the silence. So sweet sleep came to our weary eyelids, and, ere we knew it, the sun once more looked upon the world of light and life.

"The best laid schemes of mice and men
Gang aft agley."

The horses had gone "agley," likewise our plans. After a hurried breakfast, the captain took a back track to hunt the home-sick steeds. The scientific director went in one direction with a butterfly net; the scribe and collector went in another to search for specimens, while the guide, whose pony had been staked during the night, rode ahead to his sheep camp to procure a burro and an extra saddle-horse. The scientific director was the first to return to camp and his halloo brought back the other two explorers. Scarcely had we reached the wagon when the sharp eye

of the invaluable collector made an important discovery.

"Alligator! Alligator!" he cried, and, following the direction of his finger, we saw what seemed a monstrous brown lizard, known locally as the "Escalante alligator." We had to exercise some caution in capturing the creature as his bite is poisonous, but when secured he well repaid our efforts. The "alligator" seems to be a diminutive iguana rather than a topical lizard. He is covered with scales. His back is a dark bronze and his sides and under parts, when he is undisturbed, are a vivid, iridescent peacock blue. When he is angry, the blue changes to a flaming yellow and he snaps most viciously. This specimen was nine inches in length, but herders say that some individuals are eighteen inches and even two feet long and as thick as a man's arm. However some allowance must be made for an excited imagination. Unfortunately in capturing our pet his tail was broken off. This was spliced with collodion and splints and the little brute was firmly bound to a flat stick. For a time he did quite well, but later in the day the wagon seat fell on him and he was once more uncoupled. As we had, in the meanwhile, obtained several perfect specimens, he was turned loose, minus his caudal appendage, and he is probably waiting for a chance to get even with the barbarians who kidnapped him from his home at Forty Mile Spring.

Nature's protective coloring is a most interesting study and it could not be better exemplified than by the lizards. When frightened, the "alligator" makes for black grease-wood; the little red lizard for a red sandstone and the golden-spot flattens itself upon the yellow sand. From these vantage points they are scarcely discernible.

The same instinct prompts insects to seek similar protection and keen eyes are necessary to make collecting a success.

By the time our first alligator was in safe keeping the captain had returned with the horses. It was now 11 o'clock and, as it seemed too early for dinner, we immediately

proceeded on our journey. Six miles brought us to Sooner Gulch. In 1876 the Bishop was with the first party that explored this region in search of a crossing to the San Juan country. At this point a dog named Sooner, was lost and thus has his name been cherished. Here a herder told us that we would find water at Cave Spring; so we pressed on. And now the difficulties of the trip began. The road became little more than a trail, now obliterated by drifting sand and now over bare rock, where the horses slipped and struggled painfully. They were becoming both tired and tender-footed. Down canyons and over hills we toiled, but we were rapidly dropping toward the river. The day became oppressively hot and the flora became more highly colored and more abundant. Dwarf yuccas had disappeared and giant stalks raised themselves as they do upon the deserts of southern Arizona. There was the *opuntia*, *cereus* and *mamillaria*, in blue, purple, scarlet and crimson, but not a yellow cactus did we see.

Leguminosæ and *cruciferae* were especially abundant, there being numerous species of *astragalus*, *desmodium*, *plaiacelus*, *visia*, *hoosaskia*, *oxytropis*, *lupinus*, *alyssum*, *draba*, *sisymbrium* and *brassica*. Of *compositæ* we found *aster*, *erigeronæ*, *lactuca*, *cluysoptis*, *coreopsis*, *belianthus*, *grindelia*, *solidago* and a host still undetermined. *Umbelliferae*, *caryophyllaceæ*, *papaveraceæ*, *ouagraceæ* and *primulaceæ* were not wanting and *pliacelias* and *lilleo spernuims* seemed almost ubiquitous. Indeed it will give the botanist a month of hard labor to classify all the species found at the lower end of the desert.

At 3 o'clock we reached cave spring, but alas, water there was none. On we went and at 5 o'clock we pitched camp at Ffty Mile Spring—a long sixty-five miles from Escalante. We had been so long without food that we were faint and unusually tired; but here we had good water and an early supper, after which two hours of daylight were devoted to collecting, pressing and preserving specimens.

While we were at breakfast, on Thursday morning, the guide returned, bringing the animals necessary to a continuation of our journey. All superfluities were left at the wagon. The burro was packed. The team became saddle horses and each man carried his bedding behind him. Just before leaving, the camera was brought out and the party was photographed. Well it was for us that our beasts were sure-footed. Over slippery rocks our path lay and that path was an unbeaten one. The guide went first. The burro followed and next came the captain or the scientific director, who vied with each other in their efforts to obtain the honorary degree D. D. (donkey driver). The remnant dragged along at a respectful distance. Sometimes the guide was far ahead. Then the burro picked a trail, which was invariably the safest and the easiest to follow. On one sandy flat, amid the rocks, a rare perfume greeted us and we spied a modest, fragrant, white amaryllis that seemed almost out of place in such a setting.

After two hours we halted at a literal "jumping off" place. Here a cleft in the rocks gave a precipitous descent to a canyon bed. It seemed impossible for the horses to get down. However we dismounted, and the guide led his steed. The burro followed, though the pack almost overbalanced him. Then came the other horses and lastly the expedition proper, fearful of rolling rocks and rolling beasts if they descended first. As soon as the horses were over the edge, they had to keep on. To turn around was impossible. On reaching the bottom we were at the entrance of a narrow canyon, when an hour's delay was caused by a horse obstinately refusing to pass the black portal. For half a mile we picked our way between walls from six to ten feet apart and so lofty that, though it was high noon, no sunlight penetrated the gloomy labyrinths. Suddenly there was a curve in the gorge. It widened. There was room for trees. From the rock gushed a spring of sparkling water and beside the crystal steam a delicate *adiantum* grew lux-

uriantly. Ferns are of rare occurrence in southern Utah. Now we could ride and in a few moments we found ourselves in a grassy valley one hundred and fifty yards in width. It was an oasis in the desert; a mystic Avalon,

Where falls not rain, nor hail,
Nor any snow, nor even wind
Blows loudly; but it lies
Deep-meadowed, happy, fair
With orchard, lawn and bowery hollow
Crowned by the summer sea.

Here the blasts become zephyrs and eternal spring seems to reign. The vegetation was advanced as in July in the upper canyons. The stream was shaded by oaks and willows and cottonwoods. Plants of wonderful beauty made a rich carpet for our feet, and myriads of insects, like living germs, floated around the flower-starred bushes, flashing fresh rainbows at every shifting of the lights.

"*Qualis Natura formatrix, si talis formata!*" How fair must be that other world, if here its shadow is so fair! But enough. It needs a Horace or an Anacreon to do justice to the little valley that lies beside the tawny river of the south-west.

So eager were we to get to work that we scarcely took time to eat. Yet, why hurry? Everything was peaceful and at rest. Even the great hawks, that lazily described their majestic spirals far above our heads, seemed to do naught but set off more vividly the deep azure of the firmament. Beside the rock where we set our table twined a graceful passion flower, making us almost believe that we had dropped into a tropical clime. Amid such scenes to exist is a pleasure and to work is absolute happiness. The botanist pressed forty-seven new species, the scientific director and collector were equally well satisfied, and between them they observed that the cross-fertilization of plants in the canyon was accomplished almost entirely by the aid of insects. We had, also, another branch of science that required investigation, for upon the canyon walls fifteen feet above us, aye,

and at our feet, were carved the hieroglyphics of some ancient race.

W. M. Wolfe.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

ONE WAY TO WIN A WIFE.

THE Germans tell a pleasing story of one of their best-beloved and most admirable philosophers—Moses Mendelsohn by name—that is not without a moral applicable to all conditions of life. Grievously deformed in body, Mendelsohn possessed a mind graced with high attainments and a heart in which nestled the purest philanthropy and guilelessness. None knew him but to love him, and in his acquaintance every friend was so charmed with his goodness and benevolence that there was never a thought that his physical affliction detracted in the least from his measure of almost perfect manhood. Visiting on one occasion an intimate friend, who had a lovely daughter, the philosopher was at once charmed by her beauty and her intellect and hoped his own gifts of mind had made an impression upon her. He sought her father according to custom in such cases, declared his love for the girl and begged consent to woo and if possible win her. She was a young woman of fine education and exalted inclinations, and the fact that she had previously expressed great admiration for the writings and sayings of Mendelsohn emboldened him to hope that his suit might not be unfavorably regarded. The father, however, somewhat chilled him by beginning as follows:

“Of course you and I are such close friends that you will not be offended when I say that, honored as I feel in the request you have just made, my daughter tells me that”—

Mendelsohn quickly interrupted:

“You would say that she was shocked at my personal appearance and that she could not learn to love me. Well, I beg the privilege of calling upon her once more to say good-bye before returning home.”

Next evening the little gentleman called to take his final leave. The damsel received him with modest cordiality, but as each knew what had been in the other's mind the conversation somewhat lagged, and neither looked save confusedly, into the other's face. Gradually the barrier between them yielded to the thoughtful, witty and intellectual exchanges between the two, and the reserve of both melted away. The conversation turned to the subject of heaven and man's condition there. “Do you believe,” archly asked the young lady, “that marriages are made in heaven?” “Most assuredly,” he answered; and then he told of the old East Indian idea that when a child is about to be born on earth the announcement was made in heaven—“that child is destined to wed so-and-so.” “Now just before I came upon earth,” continued the artful philosopher, “I heard the angles say, ‘Mendelsohn will marry this beautiful maiden whose face is no fairer than her heart is pure, whose mind is perfect but whose body is badly misshapen and deformed.’ Then, my dear Fraulein, I called out in my sorrow for the unfortunate maiden oh, no! no! let me be deformed, and do not spoil so perfect a character as hers with a body imperfect in any of its parts.’ My prayer was granted, and I came into the world a cripple, while you are as beautiful in form as the angels themselves.”

The lady's eyes filled with tears as the speaker's eloquence approached its climax; and when he had finished she put forth her hand, which he took and tenderly kissed. They were betrothed that evening, and soon after married. Their life was a continuous dream of happiness, and their children, fair of face and form, and filled with intelligence, rise up in the Fatherland to this day and call them blessed.

Thistle.

It is vain for you to expect, it is impudent for you to ask of God forgiveness on your own behalf, if you refuse to exercise this forgiving temper with respect to others.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE PROPHET
JOSEPH SMITH.

ELDER LEVI CURTIS, of Springville, Utah, relates the following incident which, as he states, was told him by one of the principal parties referred to.

"About the month of August, 1856, William D. Huntington and I went into Hobbie Creek Canyon to get a tree or log suitable for making drums. After we had finished our labor and started for home, both of us riding on the log, our conversation naturally turned upon the doctrines of the Church and experiences of the past, when the life and labors of the Prophet Joseph were touched upon. This subject aroused into more than usual earnestness the mind and conversation of my associate.

"He said that in Nauvoo he lived in the family of and worked for Joseph Smith at the time the Prophet had such a wonderful time with the sick, when nearly everybody was stricken down and he himself was among the afflicted, and was one of those who were healed by Joseph. He said he had been sick some weeks and kept getting weaker, until he became so helpless that he could not move. Finally he got so low he could not speak, but had perfect consciousness of all that was passing in the room. He saw friends come to the bedside, look at him a moment and commence weeping, then turn away.

He further stated that he presently felt easy, and observing his situation found that he was in the upper part of the room near the ceiling, and could see the body he had occupied lying on the bed, with weeping friends, standing around as he had witnessed in many cases where people had died under his own observation.

"About this time he saw Joseph Smith and two other brethren come into the room. Joseph turned to his wife Emma and asked her to get him a dish of clean water. This she did; and the Prophet with the two brethren accompanying him washed their hands and carefully wiped them. Then they

stepped to the bed and laid their hands upon the head of his body, which at that time looked loathsome to him, and as the three stretched out their hands to place them upon the head, he by some means became aware that he must go back into that body, and started to do so. The process of getting in he could not remember; but when Joseph said 'amen,' he heard and could see and feel with his body. The feeling for a moment was most excruciating, as though his body was pierced in every part with some sharp instruments.

"As soon as the brethren had taken their hands from his head he raised up in bed, sitting erect, and in another moment turned his legs off the bed.

"At this juncture Joseph asked him if he had not better be careful, for he was very weak. He replied, 'I never felt better in my life,' almost immediately adding, 'I want my pants.'

"His pants were found and given him, which he drew on, Joseph assisting him, although he thought he needed no help. Then he signified his intention to sit in a chair at or near the fireplace. Joseph took hold of his arm to help him along safely, but William declared his ability to walk alone, notwithstanding which, the help continued.

"Astonishment had taken the place of weeping throughout the room. Every looker-on was ready to weep for joy; but none were able or felt inclined to talk.

"Presently William said he wanted something to eat. Joseph asked him what he would like, and he replied that he wanted a dish of bread and milk.

"Emma immediately brought what he called for, as one may easily comprehend, every hand was anxious to supply the wants of a man who, a few moments before was dead, really and truly dead! Brother Huntington ate the bowl of bread and milk with as good a relish as any he ever ate.

"In a short time all felt more familiar, and conversation upon the scene that transpired

followed. William related his experiences, and the friends theirs.

"Joseph listened to the conversation and in his turn remarked that they had just witnessed as great a miracle as Jesus did while on the earth. They had seen the dead brought to life.

"At the close of his narrative to me William Huntington remarked:

"Now I have told you the truth, and here I am a live man, sitting by the side of you on this log, and I testify that Joseph Smith was a Prophet of God."

DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION LEAFLETS.

Lesson XXIX.—The Resurrection of Christ.

PLACE—Jerusalem. TEXT—John 20: 1-20.

1. The first day of the week cometh Mary Magdalene early, when it was yet dark, unto the sepulcher, and seeth the stone taken away from the sepulcher.

2. Then she runneth, and cometh to Simon Peter, and to the other disciple¹ whom Jesus loved, and saith unto them, They have taken away the Lord out of the sepulcher, and we know not where they have laid him.

3. Peter² therefore went forth, and that other disciple, and came to the sepulcher.

4. So they ran both together; and the other disciple did outrun³ Peter, and came first to the sepulcher.

5. And he stooping down, and looking in, saw the linen clothes lying;⁴ yet went he not in.

6. Then cometh Simon Peter following him, and went into the sepulcher, and seeth the linen clothes lie,

7. And the napkin,⁵ that was about his head, not lying with the linen clothes, but wrapped together in a place by itself.

8. Then went in also that other disciple which came first to the sepulcher, and he saw, and believed.

9. For as yet they knew not the scripture,⁶ that he must rise again from the dead.

10. Then the disciples went away again unto their own home.

11. But Mary stood without the sepulcher weeping; and, as she wept, she stooped down, and looked⁷ into the sepulcher,

12. And seeth two angels in white sitting, the one at the head, and the other at the feet, where the body of Jesus had lain.

13. And they say unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? She saith unto them, Because they have taken

away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him.

14. And when she had thus said, she turned herself back, and saw Jesus standing, and knew not that it was Jesus.⁸

15. Jesus saith unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? whom seekest thou? She, supposing him to be the gardener, saith unto him, Sir, if thou have borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away.

16. Jesus saith unto her, Mary.⁹ She turned herself and saith unto him, Rabboni; which is to say, Master.

17. Jesus saith unto her, Touch me not; for I am not yet ascended to my Father: but go to my brethren,¹⁰ and say unto them, I ascend¹¹ unto my Father, and your¹² Father; and to my God,¹³ and your God.¹⁴

18. Mary Magdalene came and told the disciples that she had seen the Lord, and that he had spoken these things unto her.

19. Then the same day at evening, being the first day of the week, when the doors were shut where the disciples were assembled for fear of the Jews, came Jesus, and stood in the midst, and saith unto them, Peace be unto you.

20. And when he had so said, he showed unto them his hands and his side. Then were the disciples glad¹⁵ when they saw the Lord.

Read also *Matthew 28, Mark 16 and Luke 24.*

¹John 13: 23. ²John 19: 26. ³John 21: 20-24. ⁴Luke 24: 12. ⁵Luke 13: 30. ⁶John 19: 40. ⁷John¹ 11. 44. ⁸Psalms 16: 10. ⁹Acts 2: 25-31. ¹⁰13: 34, 35. ¹¹Mark 16: 5. ¹²John 21: 4. ¹³John 10: 3. ¹⁴Hebrews 2: 11. ¹⁵John 16: 28. ¹⁶Romans 8: 14, 15. ¹⁷Ephesians 1: 17. ¹⁸Hebrews 11: 16. ¹⁹John 16: 22.

LESSON STATEMENT.

On the first day of the week after the crucifixion of the Savior, just before daylight, Mary Magdalene came to the sepulcher where He was buried and found that the stone had been taken away from its mouth. Being very much alarmed at this, she ran in haste to the city, and finding Peter and John, two of the apostles said to them, "They have taken the Lord out of the sepulcher and we know not where they have laid Him." Peter and John ran in haste to the sepulcher, but the latter being younger and more active, outran Peter and reached the sepulcher first, and looking in, saw the linen clothes in which the body of Jesus had been wrapped lying loose upon the ground. Peter then came up and went into the sepulcher and saw that

Christ's body was not there. When Peter and John saw this they were amazed, for they did not yet understand that Jesus was to rise from the dead; they turned away and went back to their home. But Mary, standing at the mouth of the sepulcher weeping, looked in and saw two angels sitting, one at the head and the other at the foot of the place where Christ's body had been lying. They asked her why she wept, and she said it was because the body of her Lord had been taken away and she did not know where it had been placed. Looking around, she saw Jesus, who asked her whom she was seeking. Thinking He was the gardener, she asked Him where they had put the Lord's body. He called her name, when she recognized Him and stepped toward Him, but He said to her, "Touch me not, for I am not yet ascended to my Father." He further told her to go to His brethren and tell them what she had seen. She did as she was requested, and that evening the apostles were gathered together in a house, the doors of which had been locked for fear of the Jews. Suddenly Jesus appeared among them and said, "Peace be unto you." He then showed them the print of the nails in His hands and the spear-hole in His side, and the disciples were overjoyed at seeing their Lord.

NOTES.

RESURRECTION.—The resurrection is a rising from the dead, a reuniting of the spirit and the body, and the changing of the body to an immortal state. Death was brought into the world by the transgression of Adam, (see *Genesis 3*.) man being entirely cut off from the presence of God and required to live on the earth in the midst of sorrow, pain and temptation, and finally to die. Death means a separation of the spirit from the body, the former going to the spirit world and the latter being placed in the grave. Had it not been for the redemption brought about by the death of Christ, the separation of the body and the spirit would have continued and man would have been forever shut out from the presence of God. But a way had been prepared whereby the resurrection could be brought about, and this was by Jesus coming to the earth and laying down His life for the redemption of man. Since He brought the resurrection to pass, Jesus had power to take up His own body, which He did the third day after His crucifixion. (Read *I. Corinthians 15*.)

THE DISCIPLE WHOM JESUS LOVED.—No doubt this refers to John, the youngest of the apostles, in whom Jesus took a deep interest. The Savior's love for him is mentioned in many parts of John's gospel, (see *John 13: 23*; *19: 26*; *21: 20—24*.) and he doubtless wrote the words, "that disciple whom Jesus loved" to prevent a repetition of his own name in his account of Christ's ministry. John was associated with Peter in his labors after the death of Christ, (see *Acts 3: 1—11*; *8: 14*.) and was banished to the Isle of Patmos, where he saw and wrote "The Revelation of St John the Divine." (Read *Revelation 1: 9*.) In this dispensation John, in company with Peter and James, appeared to Joseph Smith and conferred upon him and Oliver Cowdery the Melchisedek Priesthood. We are partly given to understand (see *John 21: 20—24*.) that John was to remain upon the earth until the second coming of the Savior.

WHAT WE MAY LEARN FROM THIS LESSON.

1. That Jesus was the first to rise in the resurrection.
2. That He did not go in the spirit to His Father while His body was lying in the tomb.
3. That after His resurrection Jesus could enter a room when all the doors were closed.
4. That it was necessary for Jesus to offer up His life that the resurrection might be brought about.
5. That in the pleasure of the Almighty the lives of men may be prolonged beyond their usual limits.

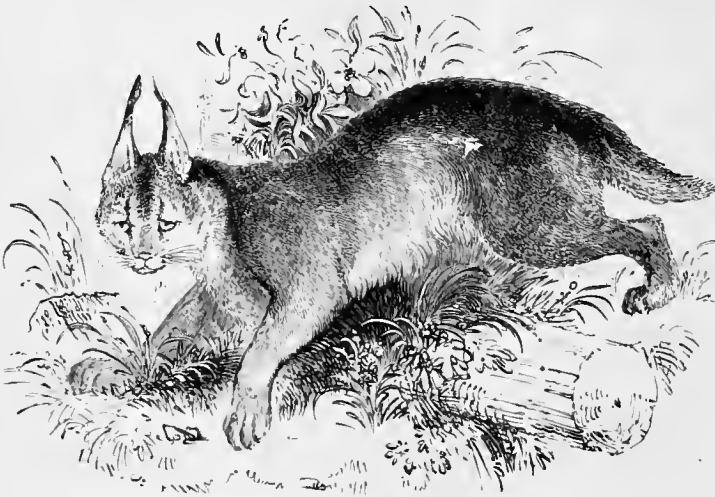
QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

1. What is the subject of this lesson?
2. On which day of the week did this occur?
3. How long had Jesus been buried?
4. Who came first to His grave?
5. What had become of the stone at the mouth of the grave?
6. What word did Mary bring to Peter and John?
7. Tell what you know of John.
8. What did they see when they came to the grave?
9. After they were gone whom did Mary see in the sepulcher?
10. What did these angels ask her?
11. What was her reply?
12. Whom did she see on looking around?
13. Who did she think He was?
14. What did Jesus say to her?
15. What did she tell Him?
16. What did Mary try to do when Jesus made Himself known to her?
17. What did He say?
18. Where did Jesus appear to His disciples?
19. Why was it necessary for Christ to die?
20. Tell what you know of the resurrection.

For Our Little Folks.

THE LYNX.

THE lynx is a very sly animal. It is of a yellowish color. It obtains its living by killing and eating smaller animals than itself, such as the lamb, rabbit and chicken. It will also attack the fawn if it can catch it asleep.



THE LYNX.

Lynxes will often attack a herd of sheep in the day time. If the herdsman is not watching, it may kill four or five lambs before it will leave. While the sheep are feeding it will come and kill the lambs and bury them. As soon as the herd has gone to another place the lynx will come back for his supper. If the herder misses the lambs he may go back to where the sheep had been feeding and discover the lynx eating them. The lynx will not leave its

prey, and is often killed while eating.

Lewis Groves,

Age 11 years.

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THE WEASEL.

THE weasel is a small, slender animal, and goes about mostly at night. Its color in summer is brown on the upper part and white underneath. In the winter it turns white all over. It does not shed its hair, but just changes color. In warm climates where there is no winter it does not change its color, but stays the same all the year round.

The weasel's fur is very nice and soft and is quite valuable. It is used for trimming.

It is claimed by some that weasels are very destructive in the poultry house, while others claim they are very useful, as they destroy mice in great numbers. They are very sly and cunning, but if found asleep they are easily caught, as they sleep very sound.

Mary A. Ward.

ELBA, CASSIA CO., IDAHO.

TIME is the old justice, that examines all offenders.

INCIDENTS IN THE JOURNEY OF THE
PIONEERS.

IN May, 1847, when the pioneers were traveling from Winter Quarters, they had a great variety of experience. On the morning of May 10th, 1847, before starting from the place where they had camped for the night, they wrote a letter addressed to the officers of the next company that would follow in six or eight weeks. The letter was made fast by sawing a few inches into a board and placing it in the mark made by the saw. The board was then closed around the letter. After writing some directions on the board, it was nailed to the end of a pole which was set some distance in the ground near the road.

On the way a machine was made and fixed to the wheel of a wagon, that would tell the exact number of miles they went when the wagon was in motion.

On May 11th, they came across a human skull. It was thought to have belonged to an Indian warrior who had been killed in a battle between some Indians, which took place not long before. There were some slight marks on the bone which showed that the scalp had been taken off.

The company camped by a stream of water fifteen feet wide, in which a few fish were caught. A few Indians could be seen lurking about for the purpose of stealing horses, and

would do so whenever they got the chance. They would hide themselves during the day and come around at night. A guard of about fifteen men had to watch the animals when they were feeding during the day. At night a corral was made for them by placing the wagons together and making a circle, the front wheel of one wagon being locked in the hind wheel of another, thus making a safe place for their animals.

George W. Horne.

MILL CREEK, UTAH.

A DUBLIN Doctor lately sent in a bill to a lady which ran thus: "To curing your husband till he died."

WILLIS.— Did the doctor do anything to hasten your recovery? Wallace.—Oh, yes; he told me he was going to charge me five dollars a visit.

It was a Western youngster who, having been presented by his uncle with a new suit of clothes, became for the first time in his life interested in his personal appearance, and insisted upon having a collar put on and having his hair combed. Taking the comb to the uncle that gave him the clothes, he requested him to comb his hair. "Well," said the uncle, "which side shall I part it on?" The youngster's ideas on the subject of hair-dressing were quite vague, but he was equal to the emergence. "Well, on the outside, I guss," said he.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

Our Political Affairs.

GREAT interest is being manifested at the present time by the political parties of the country in the question as to who are to be the nominees of each for the offices of President and Vice-President of the Republic. The two powerful parties are the Democrats and Republicans. There are other parties, however, that if they do not have candidates will probably have votes which will have an effect upon the result of the election, and their action may turn the tide in favor of one or the other of the two great parties. What is known as the Farmers' Alliance has shown some strength in the past, and politicians, a few months ago, feared that it might be a disturbing element, an element upon which they could not make any definite calculations. There are not so many expressions of this kind concerning this party at the present time. The Prohibitionists also, no doubt, will cut some figure at the election, and may have some influence for or against the two great parties.

Just now the newspapers are full of opinions concerning the prospects of the different parties. The views of leading men are being telegraphed all over the land concerning the men whose names are mentioned as probable candidates. It has seemed altogether likely that President Benjamin Harrison would receive the nomination of the Republican Convention, which meets in Minneapolis on the 7th of June. A short time since this seemed to be a foregone conclusion. Within a few days, however, a change seems to have taken place in public feeling, and at this writing it appears from the newspapers that if James G. Blaine would accept the nomination, he might receive it. Can we believe them? It seems scarcely probable, after what has been said by him, that the Convention will nominate him. The fear appears to be somewhat general that his health would not stand the strain of an election. If this is the case, and the leading

men of the Convention should be aware of it, it is not likely they would nominate him as the candidate of their party. So, notwithstanding present indications, the probabilities are all in favor of Benjamin Harrison being again nominated as the Republican candidate for President of the United States.

The Democrats seem to be as much at sea, if not more so, than the Republicans in regard to their candidate. David B. Hill, of New York, has made a bold bid for the nomination, and some months ago he seemed to be carrying everything before him. His name is not so prominently mentioned now as that of Grover Cleveland. As they both hail from New York it seems improbable that either will receive the nomination, unless the Democratic strength of the State can be united upon the one chosen. The vote of New York is highly important, and any man, in either party, who could carry New York, if he were known to the politicians, would doubtless receive the nomination.

The results of the Republican Convention at Minneapolis and the Democratic Convention at Chicago, (which will be held on June 21st,) will be watched by the whole country with great interest, and for months to come the political atmosphere of the nation will be in a very heated condition. The election will doubtless have an important bearing on the whole nation, and upon no part of it greater than upon the Territory of Utah. In this Territory politics receive a full share of attention. The division on party lines has awakened a great amount of party spirit. Both the Democrats and the Republicans have made their nominations for delegates to the national conventions.

The so-called Liberal party is also endeavoring to receive from both Conventions the recognition of the delegates which they have selected. The conduct of this organization is extraordinary and probably unprecedented in the history of the nation. It calls itself here the Liberal party, and sinks the names of Republican and Democrat; but, aware of the importance of receiving recog-

nition outside, and especially from the two great parties, it divides itself on national lines for the occasion, and proposes to send delegates to the Conventions at Minneapolis and Chicago, under the guise of Republicans and Democrats, with the hope of receiving recognition there by the Conventions. The party is a janus-faced party, and does not hesitate to stoop to the meanest and lowest political tricks to effect its purpose. It is held together partly by the cohesion of public plunder, and partly by the hopes that it entertains of obtaining the entire control of the affairs of this Territory. No party in any country ever existed that had less claim to public respect. Its motives are base. Its aims are sordid. It would destroy, if it had the power, every right and every vestige of human liberty, so far as the Mormon people are concerned. There is nothing that can appease its ferocity. Even the complete abandonment by the Latter-day Saints of their religion and everything that they hold sacred, were such a thing possible, would not satisfy the members of that party. Of this there is already abundant evidence.

However desirable it might be in many respects that we did not have such an organization as this to contend with us, it is not without its benefits. The men who compose it have taken upon themselves a mission. No one has forced it upon them; but they have exercised their own agency. In the providence of God, it seems necessary for the development of His purposes that such people should be permitted to go to certain lengths. I do not believe we could be perfected without them. They keep us stirred up. Their activity calls forth corresponding efforts on our part. There is no doubt that if we were free from opposition, constituted as we are at present, we would be careless and apathetic. Therefore, this party serves a useful purpose. The people who have opposition and difficulties such as we have to meet and contend with are benefitted by the struggles they have to make. That which the Latter-day Saints

have had to overcome in the past, has had an excellent effect upon their character, and has given them an experience which qualifies them for the great work they have to perform.

The consolation that we have in connection with the operations of these people is that they can do nothing against the work of God; but under His overruling providence, all that they do will contribute to the accomplishment of His purposes.

IN conversation the other day with a gentleman who has been somewhat familiar with the history of our people, but who is not connected with us in any manner, he remarked, "I have noticed this: that every man that has fought against your people has seemed to come to a bad end, or to injure himself in some way. He has evidently not prospered, nor gained any credit through fighting the Mormons."

This remark was based upon his personal observation, and his conclusions were correct. If the history of this Territory be reviewed, without going any farther back, who is there of all the men who have taken active measures against us, or who have formed plots for our injury, that has gained any credit for his work? The greater number of men have sunk into oblivion, and their names would be forgotten if they were not preserved by the Latter-day Saints in their records. So it will be with those who are so active. They in their turn will pass away, and their names, if remembered at all, will be remembered with contempt.

It appears strange, with the history of the past before them and the failure of every man who has fought against the Latter-day Saints, that men will engage in such a contest. But, deluded by the Evil One each one thinks that he will be successful in that which he undertakes. In the great majority of cases they are prompted by impure motives. They are not sincere. Many are corrupt, and are hypocrites; and they reap the natural fruit of the seed which they sow. Where men are

sincere in their opposition to the Latter-day Saints, and are honestly opposed, there are hopes for such. If they live, they change their views, as very many have done at different times. I have known of men who, while living among us, were carried away by the spirit that prevailed among their fellows, and thought us so bad a people that they would favor almost any measure against us; but after they left the Territory and mingled among other people, their feelings changed and then have recognized the virtues of the Latter-day Saints and have spoken in their praise, and even expressed regrets for the folly of which they had been guilty. But it is almost hopeless to expect that corrupt men, who make pretensions of virtues which they

do not possess, and who are living lies, will repent and become friendly; for it is not in the nature of things that they should do so.

Now, whether the Liberal-Republicans and Liberal Democrats, as they call themselves, will get seats in the National Conventions makes but little difference. They undoubtedly think that it is very important for them and for their future success that they should get such seats. But it is easily foretold that if they do, they will not even then attain the ends they have in view. They will be thwarted in their plots; for there is a power, which they cannot control, that will spoil their schemes.

The Editor.

GOD IS EVER GOOD.

KEY C.

s : s	s : s	m : —	s : —	d' : s	s : d'	t : —	— : —
See the shin - ing	dew - drops	On the flow - ers	strewed,				
{See the morn - ing	sun - beams	Lighting up the	wood,				
In the leaf - y	tree - tops,	Where no fears in -	trude,				
:	:	:	:	m : m	m : m	r : —	— : —
Bring my heart thy	trib - ute,	Songs of gra - ti -	tude,				

t : t	t : t	d' : —	s : —	s : s	m : r	m : —	m : m
Proving as they	spar - kle,	God is ev - er	good, God is				
Si - lent - ly pro -	claim - ing,	God is ev - er	good, God is				
Mer - ry birds are	sing - ing	God is ev - er	good, God is				
s : s	s : s	m : —	s : —	m : r	d : t	d : —	d : d
While all na - ture	ut - ters,	God is ev - er	good, God is				

r : —	s : —	m : —	d' : d'	t : —	t : —	d' : —	— : —
ev - er	good, God is	ev - er	good,				
ev - er	good, God is	ev - er	good,				
ev - er	good, God is	ev - er	good,				
t₁ : —	t₁ : —	d : —	m : m	r : —	s : —	m : —	— : —
ev - er	good, God is	ev - er	good,				

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